

New Directions

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Poems

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Still We Continue to Grow

As mere men we presume
To think and feel
In terms of the infinite.
Knowing we are but finite creatures
Clothed in the flawed flesh of mortality,
Thinking of eternity, forever and always.
Unable to understand fidelity and
Faithfulness in a fast lane life.
Always learning too soon that
A life span is such a short time
In which to live and grow and
Come to know the ones we love.

We hurry along, falling short
Of infinite desires...
Looking for the next uncharted shore.
Attempting to find a lifetime of loss.
Always falling short...
With never enough time
In which to learn and grow
And come to know the things we love.

As mere men we presume
To think and feel
In terms of the infinite
With the knowledge we were meant
To live forever and day...
Still we continue to fall short
As we continue to grow.

Ruthie Grant
Houston, Tex.

Here Lie my Ancestors

(Dedicated to Your Ancestors and Mine)

Here lie my ancestors
Mistreated and forgotten

Here lie my ancestors
Poor, uneducated and downtrodden

Here lie my ancestors
Who worked from sun to sun
Never being paid for the work they had
done

Here lie my ancestors
Who toiled in dust
Only in the love of God could they trust
Never receiving monetary rewards
Never being allowed to be free
Never enjoying the beauty of liberty

Here lie my ancestors
Without tombstones, without markers
Without dignity or respect

Here lie my ancestors
In unknown graves
Nothing to tell us of the lives
That they gave

Here lie my ancestors
In an unknown place
That had grown up in
Brambles and bushes a forgotten
disgrace!

They were the ones that bore
The blunt of plantation life
Through misery, broken hearts and strife

Here lie my ancestors
Thank God almighty this day has finally
arrived

To pay homage, pay tribute to those
slaves that died
The day has come to recognize those
Africans' demise
That we give credence to their existence
To their contributions
To their blood, sweat and tears
To their lives that they unwillingly gave

Here lie my ancestors
A people raped of a country
A people raped of a homeland
A people raped of a tradition
A people raped of a heritage
A people raped of a culture

Here lie my ancestors
The God that you and I serve has blessed
us to have
The hearts and minds to rectify this long
overdue tribute
To their forgotten souls

Here lie my ancestors
I feel their spirits rising
From the dust
I see their spirits ascending
Into heaven
I see them rejoicing on heaven's golden
streets
I see them resting here in peace!

Here lie my ancestors

Judith Saunders Burton
Alexandria, Va.

In The Days of My Ancestors

Flashing back in my mind, again
& again, while eyeing
an open field of tobacco

I see black hands & knees planted upon
the earth,
pulling weeds all day long
in hostile fields of long ago

I hear black voices everywhere,
exchanging note after note—
just singing folk songs

I taste the cold water
of old pumps & wells
that they long to quench their thirst

I feel the relentless heat
of the hot sun
on sprawling plants & crawling bodies

I smell the aroma
of collards & cornbread
escaping the plantation house

Yet these ancestors of mine
left a history deep in the old South
that we have grown to proclaim

Lenard D. Moore
San Diego, Ca.

NEW DIRECTIONS

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